fortunate in being allowed to vanish unmolested into obscurity.

On June 15, the Prime Minister said that the World Economic Conference was 'one of the most business-like and expeditious conferences I have ever presided over.' Considering the number he had presided over, this was high praise. On another occasion he described how, when the subject of adjournment was mentioned at a meeting of the presidents and vice-presidents of the various committees which had been set up, 'they all kughed, and we proceeded at once to more serious and practical business/ A month later the Conference was adjourned. Like the Disarmament Conference, it stands adjourned still, and with as little expectation of being reassembled. Its single achievement was an agreement, soon broken, to limit exports of wheat; its conclusion was described, not unfairly, by M. Maisky, a Soviet delegate, as a 'disorderly rout'.

Thus ended the era of conferences. Other conferences there were in plenty, but none which went up and up and up, and on and on and on; rather down and down and down, and back and back and back. The bubble, eagerly blown, had reached an astonishing size, rainbow-coloured, pulsating, and now had burst, leaving no residue. From Versailles onwards, non-stop variety; conference after conference, personnel changing as death intervened, location shifting—Montreux, Lausanne, Stresa, Genoa, Rapallo, many little towns by lakes, by the sea, suddenly crowded, their quiet disturbed by the tapping of typewriters, buzzing conversation; flags flying over their Hotel Bristol, Hotel Beau Rivage, detectives lounging where ordinarily

were picture-postcard sellers, guides—'You want to see the sights, mister?' Liberia would nevermore be invited to make its contribution towards solving the world's problems, no Peruvian or Siamese sail over the seas to promote international prosperity and accord.

It was over and done; a faint echo lingering still in a Prime Minister's plaintive cry for personal contacts, in Mr. Lansbury's appeal—'Yet one more conference, yet one more !

* Were there among the Philistines before whom Samson made sport, a few who cried out for a barber when they saw their captive bow